

## ***Home***

**Yukta Bajracharya**

All I can see outside from these rose colored glasses  
are neatly aligned boxes  
with big windows that breathe despair  
big gates that breathe suffocation  
and walking, talking sticks inside them that do not breathe at all.

The air here stifles,  
crushes,  
murders my every thought.  
Those cold faces  
with hypocrisy painted over them  
suck the life out of me.  
Vaccums me.  
But of course, you won't hear the noise  
you're too deafened by the  
clinking of the coins,  
the rough strokes of the ugly green.

And so I sit here wishing  
that I could fly to that place  
you refuse to call your home.  
Fly to that place  
that I call home.

Home.  
Where,  
Poverty rings like temple bells  
and smells like plastic full of dendrite.

Yet,  
Home.  
Where the air redolent in the smell of fresh jasmines,  
the buttery smell of sweets from the *haluwai*,  
Warm my soul.

Home.  
Where,  
Illiteracy,  
Surfaces as statistics  
of people in the West,  
dying of diarrhea.

Yet,  
Home.  
Where when you sit in the *dabalis* of the Patan Durbar Square

with eighteen rupees a cup tea in your hand  
and for once  
the world stands still.  
You forget all your worries.

Home.  
Where the streets are not paved with gold  
but with potholes,  
Because what fun in treading on smooth pavements?  
To not trip once in a while and feel human?

Home.  
Where the temple bells ring at early hours in the morning  
and again at the not-so-early evening  
and again and again and again  
until, my spirit start to ring  
in unison.

Home.  
with shabby houses that smile,  
slanting just a little  
but standing  
through and through the test of time.  
The narrow, labyrinthine gullies  
that lead you to  
courtyards of epiphany.  
That perfect place of imperfection  
where not everything is right,  
but everything is alright.

I refute hundreds of your "heavens"  
to go back home.  
Because home,  
is where I belong  
Because,  
home is where my soul  
finds the voice to speak.

***And Guernica goes on***  
**Ujjwala Maharjan**

Picasso, in his masterpiece  
Shows to me, we, us  
Guernica

In black, white and grey

In lights and in shades  
In lines and in shapes  
He shows  
Wars and horrors of war

The monstrous presidential bulls  
The wounded horse warriors  
The dying birds of peace  
And the victims, the suffering people

He shows  
Severed limbs, exploding bulbs  
Broken swords, breaking news

He shows  
A dejected dragging his leg along  
A woman trapped, burning alive  
A small child dangling dead  
In the lap of the wailing mother

He shows  
People dying, people dead  
People crying, hands raised  
Asking why?  
Why this?  
Why me?  
Why we?  
Why us?

Picasso painted Guernica  
In 1937  
It's now 2010  
And Guernica's still going on

You see the numbers in the headlines  
1 shot, 20 dead, 1000 killed, 10,000 bombed  
See those numbers are not numbers  
Those numbers, they're people  
Like me, we, us  
But we still just see numbers

So picture this,  
People you love, people you hate  
People you barely know, but remember their face  
People around you, people beside you  
Can you picture  
All these loving, laughing, living people  
Dead?

Burnt black  
Ashened white  
As your picture turns grey

***Me, the village boy***  
**Eliz Parajuli**

Crowing cocks,  
With all their might  
Jingling temple bells,  
As loud they could ring  
Early in the morning  
Message  
This poor village guy  
Wake up lad, wake up  
It's the inception of the day

The rising sun  
As bright it could shine  
Flinging its rays straight on my sleepy eyes  
Boosts the same cry  
Wake up lad, wake up  
It's the inception of the day.

And with the broken beautiful dream  
Of a beautiful girl  
Just going to softly lean her head on my chest  
I had to get up damn!  
I stretched my arms  
Yawning my wide mouth  
Where my little brother would  
Furiously put his hand inside  
To take out the chocolate  
That I had seized from him the day before

Then with the call of my mother  
From inside the small kitchen  
Of our small hut  
I went for a hot cup of tea.  
But,  
My greediness to drink it  
Burnt my tongue  
I spat it on the floor  
And jumped a few inches as well  
But I was not among those who would easily give up  
Anyhow,

I emptied the cup.

And with my funny-looking heroic foot-steps  
I walked out  
Of my hut  
Which was in fact,  
More than a palace for me,  
Storehouse of love and belongingness,  
Spangled with bliss and satisfaction.  
A magic box in itself,  
Where even the words of curse would  
Get turned into the words of blessings

From the same little shack,  
I padded in my slippers  
To the farmland, where my father worked  
From dawn till dusk.  
With a spade on my hand,  
I started digging  
Where a powerful dig of mine  
Was just one fourth of my father's  
Though our bodies were wet with sweat  
We continued on the scorching heat

Father's robust body didn't seem tired  
But with my panting breath,  
I couldn't go on  
My vacant belly cooed from inside  
And the sun appeared to my shrunk eyes  
A round bread ready to eat  
And clouds as jam to paste on it.

Just then my mother came  
Holding the tiffin-box  
With her, was my little brother  
Holding her torn shawl  
We laughed when he cleared with it  
His running nose  
We three males there then  
Started to enjoy the snack lunch  
While our mother was looking at us  
As if her hunger was erased along with ours'  
But we weren't stone-hearted too,  
We fed her from our parts of meal.

May be this is for why  
Our family is a complete world in itself  
We don't need riches,

Neither sumptuous life.  
What we have  
Are luscious for us  
What we earn are  
Precious for us.

***God Must Be 'All of Us'***  
**Alisha Sapkota**

There's one question I'm always asked  
That one question I can never answer  
That one question I always ask  
And that one question, they always answer  
When I ask they always answer,  
And their answer's never right,  
My question remains unanswered  
And the question is "Who am I?"

That girl in my neighborhood says,  
"You are one selfish bitch "  
The guy in my school says,  
"You are the coolest girl"  
The girl in my school says,  
"You're incredible"  
And the guy in my neighborhood says,  
"You are so typical"  
If his definition of who I am  
Is not her definition  
And if my definition is never definable  
Oh Lord Almighty, what is your definition of who I am?

When I was eight  
I thought I was a genius  
Until I flunked all my exams  
When I was nine,  
I thought I was an artist  
Until I broke my right hand  
When I was ten,  
I thought I was a singer  
Until I had this throat operation  
And when I was fourteen,  
I thought I was success  
Until I turned sixteen and ended up being a failure  
So if who I was yesterday  
Is not who I am today  
And if who I am today  
Is not who I shall be tomorrow

Oh Lord almighty, who am I to you?

And I keep asking,

“WHO AM I?”

Strange, but I get the answer

I am beauty and I am ugliness

Without which beauty can't exist

I am happiness and I am sadness

Without which happiness can't exist

I am sweetness and I am bitterness

Without which sweetness can't exist

So, if I'm all of everything,

I must be you

And you must be me

And we must be god

And god must be

'All of us'

### ***The crazy world I come from***

**Pratiksha Sharma**

Oh! Yes Yes I am

I am from a crazy little town

The monstrosity of a house which I call “home”

As giant as a castle, cold as ice

Panes glowing with rust

The gigantic iron gate creaking in its bizarre tone

Welcoming every new arrival.

The dear old man, as old as the hills

Who at a time tumbled from the stairs and stopped hearing ever since.....

“Hey, Pappy Whatcha doing?” I say

“The rat killed the cat.” He says

His cheeky face textured in wrinkles

The deep sunken eyes glowing with faith

The toothless mouth smiling its crooked smile

But still, Pappy my father makes everything worthwhile.

Mother of mine as gentle as a lamb,

Mongol sapphire eyes glowing with “Love”

Silver gray hair draping three quarters of her face

A hooked nose funnily peeping out from between,

Lines and patches decorating her once peach like skin.

A bottle of wine always by her side

“Are you drunk?”, I ask

“No, just three bottles,” she says.

Once Pappy 2 years back was basking in the morning sun  
Smoking to his fill, when some notorious bird  
Flew away with his pipe  
Shocked and furious, he limped behind the bird.  
But alas, He fell into the ditch  
His face all covered with dog's poop.

Happy, glad, relieved, blessed, welcomed  
I feel in my cozy world  
Though crazy it's what I love the most  
The green hills and meadows, Ha...Ha.....He....  
Laugh with the voice of joy.  
The flowers red, blue, pink and yellow smile with the air.  
Probably you can hear me laugh with my crazy family  
It teaches me to laugh, through the painful hours  
Be brave to smile and welcome every unexpected  
You see, it's a crazy world I come from  
A crazy world indeed.....